Everything and Nothing

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Everything and Nothing

by angstytimelord

Summary

Hannibal is seen as being the man who has everything. But he feels that without Will Graham in his life, he has nothing. What extremes will he go to for the assurance that Will is his?

The Man With Everything

He was a man who had everything, or so some people thought.

Hannibal couldn't help smiling wryly at that, resting his chin in his hand as he sat at his desk. No, he certainly did not have everything. He didn't even come close to that.

What he wanted most was what he knew that he couldn't have -- Will Graham in his arms, in his bed, in his heart. Will Graham as his lover.

That was what he had wanted ever since he'd first laid eyes on the handsome young man. He hadn't been able to get Will out of his mind since then; it was as though the other man had taken up permanent residence there, as if he belonged in Hannibal's mind.

He could always see Will in his mind's eye, staring back at him with those impossible blue eyes, seeing much more deeply into his soul than Hannibal was comfortable with.

How was it that he could know just how dangerous Will was for him -- yet he could still want this young man with all of the hunger his soul was capable of feeling?

Will could bring his whole world tumbling down around him.

If he pursued Will, then the two of them would grow close. And once they did, then Will would start looking into aspects of his life that he would rather keep private.

He already realized beyond a shadow of a doubt that Will was not someone he could convert to his way of life. The younger man had a far too developed code of ethics.

Yes, Will might kill in self-defense, or to save an innocent person. But he would not kill simply for the pure animal delight that Hannibal took in killing. That was only one of the ways in which they were fundamentally different -- and it was a barrier that Hannibal knew he couldn't cross.

Would it stand in the way of his having Will? Yes, if he was perfectly honest with himself, it would. Because Will would never give himself fully to someone he didn't trust.

Hannibal knew that if he tried to keep pockets of his life secret, Will would become suspicious sooner or later. And once he began to look into Hannibal's life, he would see too much.

Hannibal couldn't afford to let that happen.

Yet he couldn't bring himself to think about disposing of Will. A light would go out of his life if he did -- and then, he would have nothing to brighten his existence.

Life without Will was unthinkable. That wouldn't feel like much of a life; it would merely be an existence, as time plodded onwards, without any real happiness. Will had given him the

only happiness he'd known since he was a child, and he wouldn't let go of it without a struggle.

If he let Will slip away from him, then he would truly have nothing. He might look like a man who had it all, but his life would be empty, void of meaning.

He had been dangerously close to that point before he had met Will, but his first sight of this young man had made him feel renewed, revitalized, surging with new hope.

He hadn't felt like that in years -- perhaps even in decades. Everthing in life seemed to have lost its appeal; he kept on, of course, as he had no wish to end his existence. But nothing had any light; everything around him had felt dark and meaningless, until Will had burst into his life.

Will was like a shining comet, a zephyr, a soft breeze that had wafted past and enticed him and then surrounded him with the promise of all that he could possibly want.

He wasn't going to give that up. He couldn't. Not now.

Will had become too much a part of the fabric of his life to simply turn his back and walk away, or to pretend that he wanted nothing more than friendship.

His desire for Will went far beyond merely being friends. He wanted the young man in his bed, in his arms, a part of his life in more than just a casual way.

Giving up his relationship with Will, though it was as yet unformed into anything more than a rather uneasy friendship, was an impossibility for him. He refused to even countenance it. The thought of what his existence would be like with Will was .... well, frightening.

The world already thought of him as a monster -- and he knew that Will did, too. What would he become if Will was no longer here to appeal to the finer side of his nature?

Hannibal couldn't suppress a shudder. Outwardly, he might look as though he had everything -- but in reality, without Will, he had very little. Certainly nothing that mattered much to him.

At least, that was how he saw it. Without Will, he would be destitute.

He wasn't going to lead that sort of life, bereft of all that meant anything to him, growing futher and further away from what little there was that still made him human.

He was all too aware of the fact that before the advent of Will in his life, he had been growing away from his own humanity at a rapid rate. He wanted that to stop.

Would it be worth the consequences to stop his secret life, to become someone completely different? Hannibal tilted his head to the side, closing his eyes and considering that possibility. Savoring it. The thought was tempting, seductive. A life without killing. A life with Will.

Was he capable of that life? He didn't know, and he wasn't sure that he was ready to find out. That thought would have to put aside for now. It was too complex, too entangled.

Still, it *did* bear thinking about. Perhaps, someday, in the future, when he had a more firm grip on his burgeoning relationship with Will, he could consider it.

Perhaps he could even do it. But for now, it wasn't possible.

All he knew was that at the moment, in the here and now, without Will, he had nothing. And he was a man who wanted everything that he could possibly have.

Even though pursuing a relationship with Will would be dangerous for him, Hannibal knew that he would keep doing so. This was something he wanted. Something he *needed*.

After all, he *was* considered the man who had everything.

And he always -- *always* -- got what he wanted.

No matter what he might have to do to get it.

A Change Would Do You Good

Chapter Summary

Will knows that he has to make a change in his life. But he's no sure that dating Hannibal is the kind of change he's looking for.

Maybe a lifestyle change would be good for him.

Will sighed softly, putting down the book that he'd been trying to read for the last half hour and glancing up at the clock on his living room wall.

He had spent most of his life being the outcast -- the person who everyone avoided, who no one wanted to be around. When he was a child, other kids had treated him as though he had cooties. Now that he was an adult, there were still people who acted that way.

Hannibal was the only one who didn't. Even Jack seemed to keep his distance most of time, though Will *did* consider his boss a friend.

But Hannibal ..... Hannibal *accepted* him.

That was a feeling he'd never been able to enjoy before, the feeling of being accepted exactly as he was. The feeling of having a real, *true* friend.

In so many ways, Hannibal *understood* him. Oh, he didn't understand what it was like to be cursed with his unique, specific ability. No one could. But Hannibal at least knew what it was like to always feel as though he was the one on the outside looking in.

No one else around him had ever seemed to feel that way. They had always been able to fit in, to mold who they were to fit society's expectations.

Will had never been able to do that, and he knew that he never would. It just wasn't a part of him. He wasn't the kind of person who could easily conform.

Instead, he held himself apart from society, aloof from it, always on the fringes. He wasn't social, and he didn't make friends easily -- if at all. Oh, he had acquaintances and colleagues, and he was pleasant to everyone he had to be in contact with. But that was as far as it went.

It was time for that to change, he thought with a sigh. He had to start putting himself out there into society a bit more, to try to .... well, to *fit in*.

Hannibal had made him see that he needed to change.

It wasn't going to be easy, and Hannibal knew that, too. In fact, he had offered to be the one to guide Will through the maze of society's good graces.

Tonight, they were actually going out. On a .... was it a date? Will frowned at the thought. He wasn't sure that he was quite ready for that, though he had accepted the fact that he was more attracted to men than women long ago. But dating Hannibal? Was he ready for that?

Still, the idea of going out with this man sent a thrill of anticipation down his spine. His mind sped ahead into the future, counting the hours until this evening.

Yes, a change would be good for him. And this would be a momentous change indeed.

Shaking All Over

Chapter Summary

> Why does the thought of embarking on a relationship with Hannibal have Will shaking with what he thinks -- but isn't sure -- is fear?

Will took a deep breath as he studied himself in the mirror.

Did he look good enough to go out to a restaurant with Hannibal, or did he simply look like someone who was dressed in clothes that they weren't comfortable wearing?

He definitely wasn't comfortable in a suit, he thought, wincing as he ran a hand through his tumbled curls. He had never been overly fond of "dressing up."

But Hannibal had told him that they were going to an upper-class restaurant, and he'd specifically requested that Will wear a suit and tie. He'd said that it was expected at the place that they would be going to, and those words had made Will extremely nervous.

It wasn't as though he didnt know how to behave in an upper-crust sort of place. He'd been to them before, so he had some experience of what it would be like.

But that didn't mean that he felt comfortable in those places. He felt that he was putting on an act, that he couldn't simply relax and be himself while he was there.

He wasn't the kind of person who was used to high-class places.

Oh, he could handle himself perfectly well in that sort of company. He could smile and nod, and pretend that he was completely at ease. he could put on a good act.

But that's all that it would ever be -- and act. And Hannibal knew that. Hannibal knew his insecurities; he knew that Will wouldn't feel at home tonight.

What kind of game was he playing? Will asked himself, feeling anxiety rise up within him like bile at the back of his throat. What did Hannibal hope to accomplish by taking him somewhere that he wouldn't feel at home in, to a place where he would feel out of step with everyone?

For all he knew, it wasn't a game at all. Hannibal might just be trying to get him used to being in places like that, making him more comfortable with the rarefied atmosphere.

If that was his intention, it was going to take more than one dinner out at a nice restaurant to achieve his goal, Will thought wryly. It would probably never happen.

He didn't think he'd ever feel comfortable with the "society" crowd.

Hannibal, of course, moved through that crowd as easily as a yacht cut through sparkling blue water. He fit in. He was someone who *belonged*.

He always would belong, Will thought wistfully. There was a huge gap between who he was and who Hannibal was. He'd known that ever since they'd first met.

Yet, for some reason, Hannibal wanted to integrate him into that crowd of people. He wanted Will to become more comfortable with them, to feel that he could move amongst them and converse with them easily. He wanted Will to feel that he was their *equal*.

Will doubted that he would ever feel that way, but he had to admire Hannibal for trying to get him used to being with that crowd of people.

Hannibal wanted him to play a more intimate part in his life; Will knew that. But there was still a wall between them, one that he was unsure about climbing over.

Could that wall ever come down? he asked himself, frowning at his reflection in the mirror. The truth was, he and Hannibal were far too different as people to ever have an easy relationship. He knew that a part of him would always be wary of the other man.

Yes, there was something developing between them that he couldn't deny, something that he also wasn't sure about. Did he want this to go into the realm of a relationship?

The thought of being involved with Hannibal was both exhilarating and terrifying. The proof of that was the fact that he was already shaking all over just thinking about it.

Will uttered a short, sharp bark of a laugh. Was he really *this* nervous about going out with Hannibal tonight -- or was he nervous for an entirely different reason?

It wasn't what would happen while they were out that scared him.

It was what could possibly happen when they went back to Hannibal's house after dinner, when they were alone together with no one else around.

Just the thought made Will's heart race and his hands shake. He had to close his eyes and take several deep breaths, pressing a hand against his chest.

What was it about the mere thought of being alone with Hannibal after they'd just been out on a date that could make him feel as though he should run for his life? He'd been alone with the other man countless times before. Why should this feel any different?

He knew the answer to that even as he asked himself the question. It was because they would have been out on a date, an actual *date*, and their heretofore safe relationship was changing.

What did Hannibal want from him? And more importantly, what did he himself want out of this? Where was it going? And was it something that he should pursue?

He didn't have the answers. And he doubted that tonight would give him any.

Maybe he *would* get some answers to those questions tonight, Will thought to himself. Maybe he would finally be able to decide just how he felt about what was happening.

He hadn't been comfortable with the turn that their relationship was taking, but maybe after tonight, he would feel more settled, more able to cope with it.

He couldn't help feeling that he was a specimen under a microscope, that he was somehow being used as a kind of experiment. There were times when Hannibal looked at him in a way that was almost calculating, a way that frightened him and made him want to run and hide.

Was that why he was still shaking all over at the very thought of being alone with Hannibal in his home after a date? Or was it for some other reason entirely?

Was that shaking, that inner fear that he didn't want to fully acknowledge, coming from a place deep within him that wanted, above all else, to be more than a friend to Hannibal?

Will pushed that thought away. He wasn't ready to deal with it. Not yet.

But he would have to sooner or later, he thought with a soft sigh. After all, this *was* a date. There was no way that he could deny the fact.

Tonight was going to be much more than a simple dinner between friends. It would probably set the tone for where their odd relationship was going.

And even though a part of him was terrified of what might happen tonight, another part of him yearned to find out just what Hannibal expected of him. He wanted to prove that he could slip into Hannibal's world, that he could be a part of it -- that being with him wouldn't be a mistake.

Another deep breath. And another. The shaking had finally stopped; it was down to mere tremors now, but the doubt was still there inside him, stealing his breath away.

What would he do if Hannibal discovered that Will wasn't what he wanted, that this relationship wasn't going anywhere? Would he be relieved -- or terribly disappointed?

And would Hannibal feel the same way that he himself did?

Resolutely, Will pushed those thoughts away. He didn't have time to dwell on them now. He had to make the long drive to Hannibal's house in Baltimore.

He took one last deep breath, straightening his tie as he headed out of his bedroom and down the stairs. This was going to be a night that would either open up some doors -- or a Pandora's box.

The Greatest Prize

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal reflects on his reasons for so desperately wanting Will in his life -- and his plans for their future.

Hannibal regarded himself in the mirror, studying his face.

Was this a face that could attract Will Graham? He didn't consider himself classically handsome at all, as Will was. But certainly Will found him .... intriguing, at the least.

At least, that was what he hoped, he amended as he smoothed his hair down for what was probably the tenth time. To his surprise, Hannibal realized that he was feeling nervous -- which was something that he hadn't expected to happen.

Why should he feel nervous about having dinner with Will? he asked himself. This was going to be a simple night out, a quiet evening for the two of them.

They would talk and get to know each other better. That was all.

The truth was, he wanted more than that, Hannibal thought with a sigh. He wanted to know exactly how Will felt about him. He wanted this to move forward quickly.

But knowing Will, that wasn't going to happen, he thought with a wry smile. Will wasn't the kind of person who revealed too much about himself when he was first getting to know someone. It would take a while to gain his trust, to draw him out of that self-imposed shell.

Ah, but that was the challenge, wasn't it? he thought with a smile. Drawing Will out, having him reveal bits and pieces of who he was, one step at a time.

It was a challenge that Hannibal was more than ready to face.

Just the thought of being able to talk to Will like this, to break down that reserve of his, to delve even further into his mind, was an opportunity that he couldn't resist.

There was such an innocence about Will, an air of naiveté, for all of his experience dealing with the seamier side of life. That innocence surrounded Will like an aura.

And not only that, but if he was honest with himself, he wanted to become intimate with Will. He had wanted that ever since their first meeting; there was something about Will that had drawn him from the first, something that made him want to corrupt that innocence.

He didn't want to crush that side of Will's personality. Oh, no. He found that innocence captivating; he wanted to keep it intact, but he wanted it .... *tarnished*.

That was how he saw Will, he realized, smiling again at the thought. As an angel, yes, that was true. But for him, Will was a tarnished angel, his halo slightly askew.

Hannibal wanted Will -- and he intended to have the young man. But he would have Will on *his* terms -- and he would bend and shape Will into what he wanted him to become. Will would be his creation, something that he could be proud of.

Of course, that might not be easy, he mused. Will had a strong sense of self, even if he *did* think that he was some sort of a freak of nature.

That was something that Hannibal could use to his advantage, and he knew it. He could manipulate Will into his way of thinking -- even if took some time.

He would have what he wanted. No matter how long that might take.

Did it really matter whether Will wanted this or not? No, Hannibal decided, shaking his head. Because he could *make* Will want this, if that was what it came down to.

He couldn't read minds, or see into souls. But he *knew*, in some indefinable part of himself, that Will Graham wanted him. He could sense it in the way that Will looked at him, in the tone of his voice when they spoke, in a thousand different ways that Will reacted.

Will wanted this as much as he did, even if he didn't show it outwardly. After all, he wouldn't be coming here tonight if he didn't, now would he?

They wanted each other. And they *would* come together.

He would make sure of that, Hannibal vowed to himself. Even if he had to use methods to rush things along that might seem a bit .... well, underhanded.

But he wouldn't destroy that beautiful innocence that was so much a part of who Will was. He never wanted to do that. Even though he wanted his angel to be somewhat tarnished -- in part so that he would be more easily controllable -- he didn't want that innocence to be obliterated.

That was part of what made Will the unique person he was. It was something that Hannibal valued, and he never destroyed that which mean something to him.

He wouldn't destroy Will. He would just .... make him more malleable. That was all.

Yes, that was his plan, he told himself as he adjusted his tie and smoothed his hair once more. Tonight was only the first step in bringing that plan to glorious fruition.

Will would be his creation in the end, his innocent, tarnished angel -- and only he would be able to view the dark side of what lay beneath that innocence. That was what he wanted -- what he had wanted from the moment he had first seen Will. And he would have it.

After all, he was a man who always got what he wanted, he told himself as he made his way down the stairs to wait for Will in the library. Always.

And having Will wold be the greatest prize of all.

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